

LONDONS WELCOME

T O H I S

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS HIGHNESS,

WILLIAM HENRY,

Prince of ORANGE.

Most Serene Prince ! may all the Power's Divine
 Add to your Lustre, that you may still shine
 Throughout the Corners of our *English* Earth,
 And give each drooping Spirit a new Birth :
 That from your Stream of Goodness may both spring
 Peace to our Nation, Safety to the KING ;
 And all the Clouds of Horror, Doubts, and Fear,
 You (*Phœbus-like*) may dissipate and clear
 Welcome, Great Sir ! *England's* Metropolis,
 Greets you with Joy ; may Heaven give you Bliss :
 And grant, that by your Princely Power, may stand
 Our true Religion, 'gainst *Anti-christian* Band ;
 Free from the threat'ning Terrors of that Arm,
 Can Murder thousands, and yet do no Harm.
 Thus let us Live to love Tranquillity,
 And to the Legal Power subject be :
 Let Strife and Faction cease, may God defend
 Our Laws and Liberties unto the end.
 Defend You also, most Illustrious PRINCE,
 From all the Attempts of Humane Violence ;
 And that our *England* ne'r may want supply
 From the true Royal Race and Progeny,
 For to Extirpate ; and exile all Hope
 Of yielding our Subjection to the P O P E.
 So to our Princely Power we shall bow,
 And pay unto our *Cæsar* what we owe ;

The Gown, the Sword, and the loud Cannon too,
 Will shew then their Obedience where 'tis due ;
 And with the *Protestant* Arm of Courage, make
 The bold Opposers in the Field to quake.
 Can e're that Hellish Mischief be forgot,
 Which was intended by the *Powder-Plot* ?
 A Horror beyond measure, to have known
 A Kingdom in a moment Overthrown,
 Had not the God of Goodness Mercy shown !
 Even now our People might have been Surpriz'd
 With Fire, with Sword ; which Torments were devis'd
 By *Rome's* Infernal Engines ; *Popish* Crew,
 That think it Meritorious to Undo.
 This made our Nation droop, Trading decay,
 Fears, Jealousies and Threatning, drove away
 The affrighted People, both by Sea and Land :
 A Kingdom so Divided could not Stand.

*Thanks to Your Gracious Highness, may You be
 For ever Happy, and from Danger free :
 As Heaven sent You hither, so we pray,
 Heav'n may still Protect You Night and Day.*

F I N I S.

By Cyprian Southaick, Gent.

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